## Shiner's Love-Making in a Crowd

By GEORGE ADE. Author of "Artie," "Fables in Slang," Etc.

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the platform with his bundle of papers un- called him "boy" and tried to "kid" him. der his arms when he saw her standing in granted that she was a new dining-room "News Agent" on it, were sufficient to

that she was a blonde, with a tendency to the auburn. That she looked and neat, and that her dress, with blue and white stripes running up and good fit. Before she had an opportunity to mentally enumerate his charms he spoke to her, scorning the necessity of an introduction.

"Hello there, Gladys," he said. She was not greatly surprised, and did not give any evidence of being deeply of-

"How do you sell your papers, little

seemed to stop him for a is true that he was underhe was twenty-two, and had voted. "What difference does it make to you?"

he asked. "Can you read?" "Yes, I can read what's on your cap. If I didn't see that 'News Agent' on there I'd think you was the conductor or mebbe

"What have I run against?" asked with a quizzical smile, as he looked steadily at the new girl. He admired any one who could "come back" so promptly and effectively.

"I wish you'd hurry up and move your train out of the way," she said. "You've

"I have to wait here for orders." "Do you run all the way out from the

"What do you s'pose, that I finish my run at some sidetrack? Of course, I run all the way out from the city." "I didn't know. You don't look to me as

if you come from the city." "Say, what are you trying to do to me, anyway?" Then he called out, "Morning

"Louder," suggested the girl on the steps. "Shiner" looked up at her with a grin, half resentful and half friendly. "How long have you been here?"

"I bought the place yesterday," was the

"Well, it's a nice hotel to go right past on "You can't go past any too quick to suit

"Oh, say!" and "Shiner" had to shake his head and chuckle, "You're little Miss

Knocker, ain't you?" She was laughing, too. Just then the conductor made a wig-wag signal with

two fingers and shouted "Board!" and "Shiner" started toward the platform. "Good-bye, sister!" he said, glancing back

"Good-bye, little newsboy," she called after him, and then, seeing the conductor on the platform she cried out: "Don't let that boy stand on the platform, conductor. He might fall off."

As the train pulled out, Conductor Button, more commonly known as "O'd Button," or "But," laughed at "Shiner" and said: "The girl's havin' fun with you?"

"Did you see her?" asked "Shiner." "She's a fine-looker and a bad one to get gay with. I sort of tossed her one as I went by and she was back at me in a hurry. Yes, sir, she's all right. She must be new. I never saw her before, Guess I'll have to ask a few questions about her."

And with that he moved into the car to convince an indifferent traveling public that it needed fruit, magazines and fifty-

On the run back that evening he missed her, but next day she was at the door to see the train pull in and "Shiner" swung off just in front of her.

"Well, how are we to-day?" she said, cheerily, and then, looking at him intently, she began to laugh.

This did not please "Shiner." He was accustomed to have fun with the girls he met at the stations and this one, as Conductor Button had already observed, was having fun with him.

"What's the joke?" he asked, trying "Oh, nothing," and she laughed again.

"Are you tryin' to string me?" "No, course not. You're kind o' funny,

"Is that so?" he asked, with dreadful sarcasm, and hurried away to a man who was beekoning for a morning paper. The beginning of this unpromising ro-

mance might have been also the end, had it not been for the wreck three miles east of Dellboro. "Shiner's" train was held on the siding and two of the freight crew were brought in by a caboose, all bandaged and laid out on stretchers. One of the injured men was known to "Shiner," and he went into the hotel to see his friend. The freight brakeman was on a bed by an open window, his head wrapped in white cotton, and

the girl was attending him. "Well, Tommy, how are you?" asked "Shiner," in hollow, sympathetic tones, as he cautiously seated himself beside the bed. "Oh, they punched a few holes in me, but I'm a good deal better than a dead man,"

"Shiner" stole a furtive glance at the slender, auburn-haired nurse, who was standing at the foot of the bed, looking at her patient with professional interest. So

"The doctor says he'll be all right in few weeks," said Jessie, coming around to smooth the white slip with gentle concern and straighten the coverlet under Tommy's arm, and he had to feel a little fealous of fragrant as a morning flower that had just opened, and he could not remember that anywhere along the road he had seen a prettier girl.

"Jessie's all right," he said, encouragingly. "If she's going into the nurse business I think I'll go out in the yards and let a switch engine knock me off the track." "If you and a switch engine ever come

together I think the engine would be the one to go off the track," she suggested. "Oh, let up," he said; "I'm not as tough as that. Am I, Tommy?"

"'Shiner' ain't a bad fellow," said the injured man, with a grin. "I was tellin' her | if for a party, came to her with a bouquet about you a while ago."

"How dld it come up?" asked "Shiner." "Oh, she was askin' about you." "I was not!" said Jessie, decisively, but | compliments?" asked "Shiner," who had

Every right kind of a love story begins | out to hear how much longer the train by telling how they me'. In this particular | was to be "laid out" he was warmed by case it was at Deliboro, where one railroad | the pleasant knowledge that she did not crosses another. He was walking along hold him in contempt, even if she had

In a day or two Tommy was taken home. the doorway of the hotel. He took it for but not until Jessie had delivered to "Shiner" several important bulletins as to was right. As for him, the his improvement. "Shiner" gave her a hat flat-topped cap, with box of figs from his stock as a token of esteem and she considerately refrained identify him, even if he had not carried from laughing every time she looked at him, and so it was the fair beginning of a serious love affair.

With "Shiner" it was serious almost from the start, because he soon came to the opinion that she was the best looking and brightest girl in the world. No doubt Jessie began it in fun, but she could not long remain indifferent to "Shiner's" superfor qualities, for he came out in a new uniform and kept himself painfully clean and had some little present for her almost every time that the train pulled in and she came to the door to meet him. "Shiner" went out on his run every morning and came back in the evening, the train arriving at Deliboro on the return trip about 9 o'clock. At first he saw Jessie only in the morning. as she was supposed to return home early in the evening and lived several blocks from the hotel, but "Shiner" could not endure the thought of separation for twentyfour hours at a stretch so he began to suggest that she come down to the evening train. Several nights a week he found her there, accompanied by one or two trusty young women of the neighborhood and she was always just as surprised and delighted

to see "Shiner" as if she hadn't seen him on the same platform about twelve hours previous. As for "Shiner" he felt himself growing at the rate of an inch a day. He had awakened to the knowledge that he amounted to something. At first it seemed strange to him that the adorable Jessie could possibly be attracted by such an unworthy creature as himself, but as the days passed and he perceived that he was "number one" with her and that instead of holding him in contempt, she actually liked him, he rode all day in a train which connected earth with paradise. Conductor Button the passenger brakemen, the engineers and firemen, the agent and operator at Dellboro and the general public that frequented

fair. The fates had not provided "Shiner" and Jessie with any sylvan dells or mossy retreats and so their lovemaking, if it could be called such, was mostly conducted by glances which meant volumes and long hand-clasps more eloquent than speech The train stopped only a few minutes, just long enough for them to look at each other yearningly and exchange a few commonplaces, which were not supposed to represent their real feelings, and most certainly

the station knew about "Shiner's" love af-

It was a large red day in "Shiner's" calendar when he had a substitute take his run for him and he stayed over at Dellboro to attend the county fair. Jessie was waiting for him at the station with a blue parasol, a starchy shirt waist, a new pair of tan shoes and other glory of apparel. "Shiner" was stricken with admiration when he saw her and said: "My, but you look poor in that get up!" This was his way of passing a compliment and he meant

that she was simply beyond compare. They had a very busy day of it, and if they overlooked any shooting galleries or merry-go-rounds it was because "Shiner" didn't see them. Along in the afternoon they were in the grand stand watching the rural "judge" in the high box try to start several fractious horses in a running race, and "Shiner," who had something heavy on his mind, sat up close to her, so the other people would not hear and talked to her

"Jessie, do you think a fellow that's goin' to get married needs any money?" he

"A little money wouldn't hurt," she re-"But s'pose he didn't have very much of

the coin. Had it ought to stop him? Would you throw a fellow down because he didn't have the spondulix?" "That depends on who the fellow was."

"Well, I'm the fellow, all right. I'm old enough to get some money together. You needn't think for a minute that I'm goin' to be a butcher on a train all my life. I'm out for something higher. Now, I've got a tip that Benson that has the news stand in the Union depot is goin' to give it up the first of next month. He's saved up enough to open a cigar store up town. There's a hundred a month in it for a hustler, and if I can get it I can be in the city all the time and have a little flat in a new building about two blocks from the depot and be right in it."

Although "Shiner" had been very indirect about it, Jessie knew that this was a pro-

"That sounds first rate," she remarked." but you haven't got the stand yet. Won't there be a lot of people after it?" "I s'pose so."

"Who has the say as to which one gets

"The superintendent of our road is the big man. If he says the word, I get it on the same terms that Benson had it."

"Do you know the superintendent?" "No, but I've got a scheme. His wife days. She'll be coming back this week and replied Tommy. "Jessie is taking good care I'm going to tackle her and ask her to fix it with the old man?"

"Do you think she will?" "Well, you have to take chances in this world, but I have a purty fair line of talk when I get started and I may be able to work it. You see, the old man's the superintendent of the road, but she's the superintendent of him. So say nothing but lay low. If I get that stand in the Union depot I'll marry you in less than a week, whether

you're willing or not." "Wait and see what happens," said Jessie good naturedly. Then she added. "You can't lose me, whether you get the stand or not."

That evening when they followed the lusty crowd to the train "Shiner" held her hand for a full minute before leaving her and reminded her that she had made a

Two days later the superintendent's wife was sitting in the parlor car reading a magazine which she had purchased from the news agent on the train, who for some of wild flowers and held them out to her with his cap in his hand.

"Will you please accept these with my

ator there at the last stop. He had them on his table."

"They're beautiful, but really, I don't feel like taking them as a present." "You're money ain't good with me," said "Shiner" gallantly. "I'll tell the porter to put 'em in water for you and then if you ain't too busy. I'd like to have a few words

The superintendent's wife was a trifle apprehensive. She was forty-five and "Shiner" was twenty-two, but it did seem suspicious that he should come and present her with flowers and then request a private interview. However, her doubts were soon dispelled. "Shiner" came and set in the plush chair next to hers and talked straight to the mark.

"Lady, I am engaged to a nice little girl up here at Dellboro, and I want to get married and support her right," he said. "This job don't pay much and it keeps me on the road most of the time. What I want to do is to get the news stand at the Union depot. There's a lively cigar trade there and I can make a good thing out of it. The man that's had it is goin' to quit next month. If you want to find out whether I'm all right and a good worker, you ask any of the trainmen or the manager of the news company."

"But what have I got to do with all Harlem Life. this?" she asked, in surprise. "Well, if the old-I mean, if the superintendent pulls me, I can get the corner that Benson has now. You're the one that can help me with him. I thought mebbe you'd be willing to put in a word for me."

terest, but it was a kindly gaze, and he knew that she was won. "This girl that I want to marry is one of the nicest girls you ever saw," he added. 'She ain't so little, either. She's about a head taller than I am. But she's all right.

She'll be at the train at Dellboro when we

She gazed at "Shiner" with amused in-

go through there." "Bring her in the car, won't you? I would like to meet her." "Sure, I will. Do you think you'll be

able to do anything for us?" "As a rule I do not interfere with my husband's business affairs. I think, however, I may make an exception in this case. will speak to him."

"Thanks. Say, I'm ever so much obliged He went away happy. At Dellboro he pulled the bewildered Jessie into the parlor car to meet the superintendent's wife. For

a second time Jessie was embarrassed, but she managed to stammer her thanks and then hurry out, for the train was starting. For two days there was a waiting suspense. Then one morning Jessie received a telegram, the first of her lifetime. It

"She fixed it. Benson's stand first month. Hurrah. Get ready. SHINER." They were married at Dellboro. On the evening before the auspicious event Jessie and "Shiner" took a long walk. They were in a quiet street, and suddenly he said: Say, Jess, what do you think? I just happen to remember that this is the first time that me and you have been able to break away from a crowd since the first time I

So he put his arm around her and kissed her without fear of any conductor or brakeman playing spy on him.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

Puck.

Detroit Journal.

There are sixty-two miles of tunnels in the fortified rock of Gibraltar. Coal brings the highest price in South Africa and the lowest in China. January, 1882, is the only date at which snow is known to have fallen at San Diego,

Incurable insanity is not a ground for divorce in any State except North Dakota and Idaho. Until the boundaries of the United States are changed the geographical center will

remain in northwestern Kansas, near Hill Most of the province of Tse-Chau, China, is underlaid with large coal beds, and the coal area is said to be greater than that of

While repairing a temple the Chinese cover up the eyes of the idols, in order that the deities may not be offended at the sight of the disorder. According to the views of a British sea

captain, who was in the Gulf of Mexico during the Galveston tempest, the disturbance was partly volcanic. In China only the plains and the valleys

are left for the living to make their living. The dead have pre-emption rights over all the hills and hillsides. Fish scales if they are small and bright

are worth about \$! a pound in France. They are made into pearls, buttons and all kinds of jewelry for the Indies and China. Australia's biggest offertory was taken up at the consecration of the Bishop of Carpentaria in Sydney Cathedral. amounted to \$42,500, and is perhaps the largest on record.

000 words. It is quite impossible for one man to learn the entire language, and a lafter vainly pleading privilege, it was to well-educated Japanese is familiar with

Some idea of the enormous extent to which pocket-picking flourishes may be had from the fact that in London alone over 100,000 men, women and children exist on what they can relieve other people of. A jury at Washington, Ga., has decided that \$5 is a reasonable charge for shaving

a dead man. A local barber presented a bill for the amount stated. It was contested, and the jury verdict was the re-The population of the republic of Uruguay is estimated to be upward of 900,000. of which over one-quarter is in the capital. Montevides, and its suburbs. In 1882 the

population was 500,000. In 1892 it had in-The Bible is still the most popular of all books. During the year 1899 the American Bible Society issued 1,406,800 copies in fifty-eight different languages. In the eighty-four years of the society's existence it has issued 67,369,306 copies.

Berlin boasts that "Unter den Linden" is the broadest street in any great city. It s 215 feet wide. The "Ringstrasse" Vienna is 188 feet; the Paris 'Grand Boulevards" 122 feet and the /'Andrassy strasse' at Buda-Pesth 155 feet wide.

A Frenchman who recently traveled in the United States has written an article on the tooth-filling branch of dentistry, and after studying statistics he estimates that upward of \$500,000 worth of gold is packed into the teeth of Americans every year. In his principles of economics Professor Marshall says that perhaps \$500,000,000 annually is spent by the working classes and the relentless persistence of a pile driver. \$2,000,000,000 by the rest of the population of England in ways that do little or nothing toward making life nobler or truly happier.

Turkey has been taking a census of Islam and finds that the number of Mohammedans in the world is 196,500,000. Of these 18,000,000 are in Turkey in Europe, 99,009,000 in Western Asia and Hindoostan, 20,000,000 in China, 36,500,000 in northern and northeastern Africa, and 23,000,000 are scattered in other parts of the world. Smoking is so common in Japan that all men and most ladies smoke, the girls

beginning when they are about ten years of age. The ladies have pipes with longer stems than the men, and if one of them wishes to show a gentleman a special mark of favor she lights her pipe, takes a whiff, hands it to him and lets him smoke. A Paris store has 4,000 employes. The smallest kettle in its kitchen contains 100 quarts and the largest 500. Each of fifty roasting pans is big enough for 300 cutlets. Every dish for baking potatoes holds 225 pounds. When omelets are on the bill of

fare 7,800 eggs are used at once. For cookng alone sixty cooks and 100 assistants are always at the ranges. Beds are comparatively scarce in Russia. and many well-to-do houses are still unprovided with them. Peasants sleep on the tops of their ovens; middle-class people and servants roll themselves up in sheepskins and lie down near stoves; soldiers rest

on wooden cots without bedding, and it is only within the last few years that students in schools have been allowed beds. There are many simple tests for ficti bank notes. The most difficult feature to she was blushing and "Shiner" saw her embarrassed for the first time.

It was certain that she had asked about him, so when "Shiner" left them and went "Yes ma'am. I got them from the oper
"Why, really!" exclaimed the woman in surprise. "Are they for me?"

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"Yes ma'am. I got them from the oper
"Yes ma'am. I got them from the oper-

with a sponge. If the note is a genuine one the water mark will stand out clear; if a "duffer" it will almost disappear.

The United States leads all other nations in the matter of fruit growing. Strawberries were valued at \$80,000,000 last year and grapes at \$100,000,000. Peach orchards conaining as many as 300,000 trees are to be found, while the apple crop has been known to return in barrels 210,000,000 in one season Of these England has taken 3,000,000 barrels.

## HUMOR OF THE DAY. No Choice.

He-No! Other men may do it, but if you reject me, I can never be a friend. She-But it would be the same if I married you.

Chiefly Ornamental.

De Jones-Is there a clock in your Sleepleigh-Yes, but it isn't of much use; it hasn't any alarm.

He Defends the Practice

Mamma-I wish you wouldn't slide down Johnny-Well, mamma, it's the quickest

way to get downstairs.

Quite in Order. Mr. Benedict-I see you very often with that young Van Boodle; am I premature in offering my congratulations?

Kitty Winslow-Oh, no, not at all: I have

An American Holiday. Town Topics. Jasper-How did you enjoy your holf-Jumpuppe-Fine! I got a chance to do a devil of a lot of work.

Men Are but Children.

The Smart Set. Mother-What is all this fuss in the nursery about? Small Brother (crying)-James is always the procession, and I'm tired of being the crowd on the sidewalk.

An Extraordinary Case.

The Smart Set Hawkins-I see a man out West rescued a widow from drowning, and she married Robbins-What caused the delay?

Her Feelings.

Husband (looking at his wife's check book)-You should number every check you Wife-But I don't want to, dear. I am ashamed to let the bank know how many !

No Compromise with Bad Taste.

"You will have to put another stamp or that letter, miss," said the mail clerk at the postoffice. "Indeed I shall not do it!" she exclaimed "A letter with two stamps on it looks

Her Accomplishments. Somerville Journal.

"Is your wife a good cook?" asked somebody of the young man who had recently "Well," replied the proud young husband, thoughtfully, "she can boll water without burning it."

Gladys-Auntie, when Niece woman commence to grow old? Aunt Broadhead-Just as soon as she begins to understand why it is that her husband does not seem to pity his old bachelor friends.

Fixing the Date.

Two Things.

Harper's Bazar. The Old Stager-Young man, if you would be successful, you must do two things. First, get some enemies. The Aspirant-And second?

The Old Stager-Second, irritate them so that they will make you prominent.

"Then you remember me?" he cried, folding her in his strong embrace. "Remember you, Harold? Why, I rememer your middle initial, even!"

When, having become rich beyond the

freams of avarice, he came back to claim

his bride, he found Elise awaiting him.

Devotion this! HOW THEY DO IT IN JAPAN. Reporters Make Thorough Work

When They Interview a Man.

Washington Star. "Before I went to Japan," said a prominent Western railroad official who has recently returned from a visit to the Mikado's kingdom, "I used to think that our American newspaper reporters were the most inquisitive class of men in the world, but this idea was very soon dispelled from my mind when I arrived at Tokio. Four interviewers for the vernacular press called in the race that he desired to win and un- the others. The Japanese language is said to contain upon me before I had been five hours on folded his scheme. Seven horses ran, and Culled from all these phases of effort and find the alert-minded Japs had simply the jockeys with the exception of one retaken the American system of interviewing | ceived a ticket on the prospective winner. and reduced it to the simplest terms, not My friend's horse was quoted at 20 to 1, to say ad absurdum. With them inter- and the six jockeys had tickets which viewing is business from the start, like called for \$200 to \$10. Somehow or other pulling a tooth or boring a hole. They the seventh jockey got wind of this and waste no time over pleasant introductory approached the trainer of my friend's remarks about the weather or your voyage. "The operation is as follows: You re- | see Jim, which he did. Jim told him to ceive a card bearing a series of cabalistic go to the devil. He said: 'Go away, boy, marks, and uncertain whether your visitor | and don't bother me. You haven't got a is a minister of state or a guide in want | chance to beat my horse, and I am not | of a job, you go downstairs and discover a afraid of you, anyway. I got \$10 left, but dapper little gentleman, in appearance you shall not have it.' The jockey persistabout nineteen, dressed in faultless foreign fashion, tennis shoes, flannel trousers, white vest, blue coat, flowing necktie, spectacles, and with helmet, and speaking Eng-

lish with the accuracy and impressiveness of a copybook. " 'Good morning. Are you Mr. Blank?' "'Good morning. I am.' "Well, I am the reporter of the So-and-

So newspaper of Tokio. Will you permit me to interview you?' With pleasure. "The interviewer then takes a seat, produces a notebook and pencil and begins with the directness of a census taker: 'How old are you and v here were you born?" And when you tell him that you were born of poor but respectable parents in the year let us say, he gravely commits the unfamiliar phrase to paper.

"'How long will you stay? How long since you started? Where have you been? What is the circulation of your paper? How do you like Japan? What do they think of Japan in America? Will President McKinley be re-elected?' These were a few of the questions pressed upon me with "At last, when you have been compelled to draw liberally upon your imagination for your facts and the notebook of the enemy of traveling mankind is full, you suppose that the interview is over. But nothing could be farther from the interviewer's idea, for he settles himself in his chair, resharpens his pencil, produces a new notebook and asks: 'If anything of interest has ever befallen you upon your travels at

home or abroad, please give me full information now.' "The interview over, the Japanese re-porter takes his departure and never seems to realize that to cross-question a solitary and ill-informed individual on the policies of all nations and the details of his own obscure life is really a huge joke. Next day you receive a copy of the So-and-So newspaper, containing the interview with 'top' solemnly written on one side of it, so that you may know which is the right way up-

A Dirge of Summer.

Summer dieth—o'er his bler Chant a requiem low and clear— Chant it for his dying flowers. Chant it for his flying hours. Let them wither all together Now the world is past the prime Of the golden olden-time. Let them die, and dying Summer Yield his kingdom to the comer From the island of the West; He is weary; let him rest! And let mellow Autumn's yellow Fall upon the leafy prime Of the golden olden-time.

Go, ye days, your deeds are done
Be you clouds about the sun
Your imperial winding-sheet;
Let the night winds as they fleet
Tell the story of the glory
Of the free great-hearted prime
Of the golden olden-time.

THE JOURNAL'S POETS

Her Heart and His.

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen, The saddest are: It might have been." Un, come not near, lest I should see That of the past you are dreaming-That down the long, long lane you see

The magic lights still gleaming: The magic lights far down the lane That mark for me your wooing. When I your warmest kiss had ta'en With never a thought of rueing.

Sweet, be it so. I might forget That all is past save dreaming-I might, unthinking, follow yet An impulse unbeseeming: An impulse pure and true, dear heart, Born of a love unwavering.

Forgetting, ah! that you, dear heart Long since withdrew your favoring. Yet, come. Yes-come! and if I see That still you cling to dreaming-If I within your eyes still see

Love that is more than seeming; That love will make me brave again And banish all the trembling. And I can turn and face again The living and dissembling.

Indianapolis. -Joseph Traxler.

That Same Old Question. Will they ever grow old, my dear, The tender words that you love so much To hear me utter? The loving touch Of my hand caressing your cheek or brow-Will it thrill you always as it does now? The kisses-the pet names you wait to hear-Will they ever grow old, my dear?

Will they ever grow old, my dear? Look into my face and tell me, pray, When my eyes are dim and my hair is gray, When the clock of my life is 'most run down Will you always smile, though the world may

Will your laughter challenge the starting tear? Will they ever grow old, my dear? Will they ever grow old, my dear-These things we cherish and love the best? Tell me, is all of this only a jest? Ah, you are weeping, your eyes are wet! I have been cruel-forgive, forget All that I said; for I have no fear That they'll ever grow old, my dear.

-James William Callahan Indianapolis.

The Answer. She doubted my love, so she told me, Because of no sonnet or song-

As if a poor word should be needed

Indianapolis.

When eyes have looked love for so long. And yet for the word she is waiting-Alas, for my stammering tongue-If she could but guess at the sweetness Of songs that can never be sung!

HIS LAST RACE.

-May W. Donnan.

A Fortune Lost to a Horse Owner by a Refusal to Pay \$10.

New York Sun. "Talk about killings," said the old turfman, settling himself back in his chair and puffing away vigorously at a very black cigar, "why, I remember one that makes my head spin every time I think of it. Let me see; yes, it was back in '80. Just about that time I had arrived from the West and went in for racing with both feet. A friend of mine owned a fast two-year-old maiden. The horse had a good pedigree and was well trained, but somehow was never in the money. My friend had a great deal of faith in the horse, and backed the animal every time it ran. He lost, and when it became

monotonous he came to me. "'Jim,' he said, rather sadly, 'I'm nearly broke. If I keep on dropping my money as have done for the past two months I don't know what will become of me. I guess ! will wind up in the poorhouse "'Why, what's the matter?' I said, trying to cheer him up. 'Don't be downhearted,

old boy. When you are short you know

you can always find me.'

"That's all right,' he said, 'but I owe you enough money already. I'm going to make a hit, and if the scheme goes through I'll have all the money I want. The scheme isn't strictly honest, but that's the only way I can get the coin just now. I've been on the square long enough.' Saying this he disappeared, and I did not see or hear from him for a long time "One day his horse came in second.

him. To my surprise, he waved me aside and hung his head. I could not for the world make out what was the matter. I thought perhaps his success had turned his "'Jim,' I said, 'what is the matter with this before. There is something certainly

the matter. Out with it, 1 say, or else I shall never have anything to do with you in the future.' "'I know I have not been carrying on through what I have during the past ten hours you certainly would not blame me. Frank, I cannot look an honest man part with an extra \$10. As you are, no

judgment and discretion.' "Then he went on and told me the following story: He had told all the other jockeys succumbed, I the jockeys had their instructions. They were to let my friend's horse win. All of horse about it. The trainer told him to ed that he could win if he tried, and told Jim that he ought to be let in on the deal. Jim was obdurate and requested the jockey to go about his business. Jim somehow had scraped unbeknown to me about \$5,000. His agents backed the horse all over the country, and he stood to win a small fortune. Well, the race was soon off and his horse was leading in the stretch by five lengths. He thought it was all over but the explanations. On the run home his horse was still ahead by a good margin, and in the excitement the seventh jockey the one to whom he had refused to give a ticket, was forgotten. But the jockey had ally, just as bad as drunkenness. But predicted correctly, and with a burst of speed that took the breath away from the by a short head. Well, when it was all over and the numbers had gone up and my friend's horse had been beaten. Jim realized what a fool he had been. For the sake of an extra \$10, which he certainly could have spared, he lost the fortune. Jim had only played the horse straight, and this time he was clean broke. Jim was the screst man you ever saw, and cannot forget that day to this. And, what's more, he has never played or attended a race

GRAFTING EXTRAORDINARY.

French Bean Wedded to the Castor

Oil Plant. London Mail. Our Brussels correspondent telegraphs that it has been reserved for a Belgia gardener to show the modern plant what it can do in the way of grafting.

Hitherto it has been customary to assun spirit of determined exclusiveness to be implanted in plants-that, in fact, a stock will take no graft unless it be of the same plant family with itself. The ingenious Belgian has changed all that. He has, he declares, grafted the sugar maple on the lilac, the French bean on the castor-oil plant, and the cabbage on

A Daily Mail representative ran up to Holborn yesterday to ask Mr. Carter's grafter whether these things might be. The seed-plant expert said that he would but if they might he did not know it. And again, if they might, what then? The result would not be a species of sweet lilac that might be used in fruit tarts, nor a French bean with medicinal properties attached, nor a cross between a cabbage

The graft preserves its own character. Its habit of growth may, in some cases, be modified, but the fruit remains as before. Moreover, these fruit plants do not seed; you may get the first step, but not further. The sugar maple would remain a sugar maple, the French bean would continue to be a French bean and the cabbage would be a French bean, and the cabbage would

not cease to be a cabbage-only that and It is, therefore, very clever of the Bel-gian, but rather unnecessary—unless, of course, he could manage to graft mint upon green peas and broad beans upon parsley and melted butter.

WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE.

New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Laymen Can Then Go Ahead and Do as They Please.

"I see that Professor Atwater and other

noted experts are rather upsetting our

ideas of what constitutes nutritious food, said a New Orleans lawyer who has a penchant for chemistry and often makes original experiments. "It is claimed now that fat pork has more than twice the strength-giving properties of the best beef-steak, and, while that seems hard to believe, it accords exactly with my own observations. It used to be said by physicians that fat pork had little or no nutritive value, and I was never able to reconcile the assertion with the strength and vitality of negro field-hands, who rarely ate any other kind of meat. A darky laborer will munch down a chunk of "white bacon," as they call it, and proceed to do the hardest kind of a day's work on the meal. He needs a lot of fuel to keep his muscular machinery moving, and the despised fat pork must certainly supply it But the views of experts have changed so radically on the subject of food values the past few years that I don't blame the average layman for being skeptical of everything they say. Not long ago invalids were given eggs, beef tea, milk and raw oysters as the very perfection of a build-ing-up diet. At present we are told that eggs and oysters furnish hardly any nutrition; that milk is much less strengthening than smoked ham, and that beef tea is not a food at all, but merely a third-rate stimulant. I don't undertake to contradic these conclusions, but I believe a good deal depends on the individual. Our marketmen tell me that the Italians eat nearly twice as much meat as any other nationality, and the Germans fully twice as many vegetables. Both races seem to be about equally sturdy. One of the strongest men in New Orleans has been a rigid vegetarian all his life, and I have a client who has eaten nothing at all but oatmeal and milk for over two years. He weighs 180 pounds and has cured himself of an obstinate

ROME'S ANCIENT PORT.

disease of the liver."

Scientific American.

The Changes of Time Have Made Ostia an Island Place.

When ancient Rome numbered a million

inhabitants the task of provisioning it was

no small one, so the port of Ostia, now twenty-one miles by rail from Rome, was the most important in the empire. It was settled in the second century after the foundation of Rome, and rapidly became an important commercial center. At present the Tiber washes down 8,500,000 tons of sand a year, and this gradual extension of the delta has left Ostia miles inland. At Ostia the warhouses covered half the town, which was two miles long by one wide. The city contained fine temples, villas and theaters and the ruins were so extensive that for five centuries the villagers burned marble for lime without exhausting the supply, and when Cosimo de

ble temple to get lime. The peasants have destroyed many valuable buildings and statues in this way. At present there are ruins of some of he old warehouses with their floors raised three feet above the pavements, and of private houses. The manner in which these ruins have withstood the centuries speaks well for the masonry work. The bricks are about one foot eleven inches square, the stones carefully cut and fitted and the

Medici visited Ostia he found the villagers

engaged in burning a whole ancient mar-

effect is neat and rather beautiful, though stucco covered most of it. Egypt alone shipped 190,000,000 bushels of grain to Rome, and Sicily, Sardinia and other places poured in their enormous supplies of food stuffs. In addition to this may be reckoned the vast quantities of building materials, especially marble which were imported. The Claudian harbor was used as a great naval station, and here was also the central postoffice for foreign correspond-

SECRET OF SUCCESS. It Consists in the Way of Doing What One Undertakes. Cynthia W. Alden, in Success. My first money was made watching was very much pleased, and when I found baby. Once, through scarcity of help, I Jim I extended my hand to congratulate was a cook for sixteen hands on a prairie ranch. I have taught school, and, at times,

helped to round up cattle. I have superintended a tent factory at one time and a candy factory at another. It has been my fortune to learn stenography and typewriting; to pass government examinations; you? I'm surprised. You never acted like to hunt for smugglers at the docks, and to aid in the street-cleaning department of New York city, incidentally having charge of all its ramifications for a short time. My original money-making occupation in this city was as a church singer, and, havright, Frank,' he said, 'but if you went | ing no plano, I learned new and difficult masses by practicing in my room with a tuning fork for twelve hours every day, That was hard enough work, wasn't it? straight in the face after to-day. I stood | -especially as I had little natural aptitude to win \$50,000, but I'm penniless now. It's for music. Yet, when I got the unexpected all because I was greedy and refused to news of my appointment, from an eligible list, as a custom-house inspector, I had doubt, aware, my horse ran second to-day. | to surrender the place of leading soprano He might have won had I used better in the largest Roman Catholic Church in the State of New Jersey. My newspaper experience was in an entirely new field. and, perhaps, more educative than any of

> is one of universal application: "It is not half so important what you do, as how you

Drinking in London. New York Evening Sun. the increase-especially among women. The critic as the work of not an inebriate herself, but as the natural hysteria of a scion of a race of inebriates. Literature and ethics join hands in declaring that the future welfare of art no less than humanity depends largely upon less liquor being introduced into the individual. In face of all this it is interesting to read that Maine is considering the repeal of her far-famed prohibition law. Well, however impotent and insincere this law may be, it has worked wonders in the simple matter of making inebriety unfamiliar to that State. Men may object to not being able to procure a glass of wine at dinner on a steamship off the coast of Maine; women may declare that the effect of a law which may be evaded by paying a fine instead is, morthe influence of next to no saloons and virtually, no intoxication, is not to be gainsaid. Upon a rising generation the effect of such a state of things must be tremendous. To put liquor out of reach | firm." is one thing; to throw the high light of the unusual upon the effects of liquor is better than the "awful example" that any temperance lecturer ever felt obliged to keep tipsy. "Why, a drunken man's a curiosity here," said a Maine native. "I dunno when I've seen one 'round; not since ! the last circus, I guess, an' that was a good many years ago. You oughter have seen the folks stare at him. The boys and girls whose memories couldn't go as far back as the last drunken man couldn't take their eyes off'n him. They jus' folsights. So he was. Everybody was a-say-in' to everybody else, 'Did ye see the drunken man?' an' 'Look at the drunken man,' an' 'Come quick and have a look at the drunken man.' He was a curiosity, great deal more than the elephant and in any field, from highest to lowest." the bearded lady and the snake charmer. If they'd 'a' charged to look at that frunken man, same's they did at the elephant, what a pile 'o money they'd made!" Incidentally, if anything would be likely to make parents sign the pledge it is the

H. R. H. and the Camera Fiend. Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

thought that their offspring might turn out

The Prince of Wales hates to be photographed. Since the camera fiend has been let loose upon the land the prince at every turn hears the aggravating "click" that presages the snap-shot, and it has got on his nerves. He is haunted by the camera. not go so far as to say that they might not, and it is really humorous to behold the trouble he goes to that he may not be shot by it. There have been a number of very laughable scenes of late between the prince's caretakers and the amateur pho tographers, more particularly on the race courses of the kingdom. His Royal Highness is very fond of hav-ing a free and easy time of it when he

Poison oak

are among the best known of the many dangerous wild plants and shrubs. To touch or handle them quickly produces swelling and inflammation with intense itching and burning of the skin. The eruption soon disappears, the suf-

ferer hopes forever; but almost as soon as the little blisters and pustules appeared the poison had reached the blood, and will break out at regular intervals and each time in a more aggravated form. This poison will loiter in the system for years, and every atom of it must be forced out of the blood before you can expect a perfect, permanent cure.

Nature's Antidote Nature's Poisons.

is the only cure for Poison Oak, Poison Ivy, and all noxious plants. It is composed exclusively of roots and herbs. Now is the time to get the poison out of your system, as delay makes your condition worse. Don't experiment longer with salves, washes and soaps—they never cure. Mr. S. M. Marshall, bookkeeper of the Atlanta (Ga.) Gas Light Co., was poisoned with Poison Oak. He took Sulphur, Arsenic and various other drugs, and applied externally numerous lotions and salves with no benefit. At times the swelling and inflammation was so severe he was almost blind. For eight years the poison wor break out every season. His condition was much improved after taking one bottle of S. S. S., and a few bottles cleared his blood of the poison, and all evidences of the disease disappeared.

People are often poisoned without knowing when or how. Explain your case fully to our physicians, and they will cheerfully give such information and advice as you require, without charge, and we will send at the same time an interesting book on Blood and Skin Diseases. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

mother's friend loes away with the suffering of childbirth. It is a penetrating liuiment to be used externally. It causes the muscles to expand and gives them elasticity and strength for the coming ordeal. Mothers who have used it consider it as necessary as the food they eat. It is utterly impossible for it to do harm. as in the case of medicines taken internally, and the good it has done for other mothers, it will do for you. Get Mother's Friend at the drug store. 81 per bottle. THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO. Atlanta, Ga. Write for our free illustrated book, "Be-fore Beby is Born."

or cigar in mouth, drops down among the pencil-pushers and those who have entres to the lawn, and chats and laughs with all whom he knows in the most democratic manner imaginable

On Derbey day a camera enthusiast got into this inclosure and prepared to revel in the faces of the great, for among the many who had come with the prince were the Duke of York and Lord Rosebery, the Dukes of Devonshire and Portland, Earl Spencer and Lord Rothschild. As the photographer was gazing greedily at the little square of glass, waiting for a proper focus on the prince, the camera was suddenly bumped out of his hand, a foot went "crash" upon it, and an exquisitely-dressed man of military cut turned and, in a manner that was most convincingly genuine, apologized abjectly for the damage he, in the haste of passing, had caused.

When the prince, after the race, led in "Diamond Jubilee,' he took off his hat and clapped it over his face so that the cinematograph should not catch him. Cameras

He offered to pay for the broken machine.

but the grins on the faces of the onlook

ers told the photographer the truth, and

he departed as quickly as he had come.

are on his nerves just at the moment.

Malaria's Victims. Philadelphia Record. "Now that people are moving back to town I shall soon have my hands full with malaria patients," said a physician yesterday, who has a large practice among fashionable folk. "They think they get it into their systems while they are away during the summer, but if the truth were known most of the cases are contracted after the return to the city. This is due to the fact that few families take the precaution to give their houses a thorough airing before they move into them. No house that has been shut up tight for two or three months is fit for occupancy at once. The lack of ventilation and the unavoidable presence of sewer gas from the drainage form an atshould be aired for three or four days before being occupied. During this time the water connections should be opened and the entire pipe system thoroughly flushed every day, while all the sunshine that is possible should be admitted to the rooms. But people persist in moving directly into their residences, and then make a great fuss

about having contracted malaria during the

King Humbert's Accessibility. Among the stories of the late King Humbert told by the Roman correspondent of the Frankfurter Zeitung, we read. "He is not like a King," said the president of a half Socialist trades union, "he is like an honest private man, who finds himself accidentally upon a throne." Another, who was elected spokesman for his trades union on account of his bold Republicanism, said to the King: "Majesty, I am a Republican. and I confess that if the republic were established I should use all my influence to get you elected as our first president." dear advocate," said King Humber "would it not be better for our fatherland if you were to take me as I am?" Another. after coming from an audience with King Humbert, said to his colleagues: "It is not so difficult a matter to interview the King

Coveted Word of Praise.

as it is to interview the principal of our

"If employers could only realize how much every worker, especially the woman, appreciates a word of praise," said a veteran breadwinner, "they would find that they could increase their profits largely by the higher quality of service rend Women like to feel that the employer has a human interest in the individuality of the work they do, and that they observe lered him 'round 'sif he was one 'o the it when it is practically well done. A word to renewed effort, while a good piece of work ignored acts as a discouragement, An approving smile, nod or word costs little, and means much to the honest worker



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